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VOL. LXXXIII

No. 5

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1918

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GERMAN WAR PRACTICE

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

From an article in the London Times of November 4, 1915, by M. E. Durham, quoting Professor Leon Van der Essen, who had recently seen the librarian, Professor Delannoy, who went to the spot August 27, 1914, to see whether anything could be saved:

"The Germans did not penetrate the building, but contented themselves with smashing the main window looking on the Vieux Marché. Through that window they introduced some inflammable liquid and fired a few shots, causing an immediate explosion.

"On the night of Tuesday, the 25th, a father of the Josephite College, which is located a few yards from the spot where the Germans smashed the main window, called the attention of the commanding officer to the fact that the building he was going to destroy was the University Library. The officer replied, textually, 'Est ist Befehl!' [It is the order.] It was then 11 p. m. These are the facts."

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CONTENTS OF DCCXL

The Island of Refuge.....	<i>Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	227
---------------------------	------------------------------	-----

WAR SECTION

Sonnet.....	<i>William A. Douglas</i>	229
-------------	---------------------------	-----

The Winged Trail, I. The Letters of a Naval Aviator....	<i>John Jay Schieffelin</i>	229
---	-----------------------------	-----

Cross-Purposes.....	<i>Robert M. Coates</i>	239
---------------------	-------------------------	-----

A Ticket to Missouri.....	<i>Walter Millis</i>	241
---------------------------	----------------------	-----

The Laugh of Indra.....	<i>John W. Andrews</i>	253
-------------------------	------------------------	-----

Children of Kings.....	<i>Walter Millis</i>	256
------------------------	----------------------	-----

The Answer.....	<i>H. R. Luce</i>	263
-----------------	-------------------	-----

Portfolio:

Song for Queen Alys.....	<i>Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	264
--------------------------	------------------------------	-----

Soldiers' Feet.....	<i>Richard W. Griswold</i>	264
---------------------	----------------------------	-----

Episode in April.....	<i>Robert M. Coates</i>	266
-----------------------	-------------------------	-----

Perfume.....	<i>John F. Carter, Jr.</i>	267
--------------	----------------------------	-----

Atlantis.....	<i>John F. Carter, Jr.</i>	268
---------------	----------------------------	-----

Notabilia.....		269
----------------	--	-----

Book Reviews.....		270
-------------------	--	-----

Editor's Table.....		274
---------------------	--	-----

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII

FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 5

EDITORS.

PHILIP BARRY
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
JOHN F. CARTER, JR.

EDITORS IN SERVICE.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS
JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR
WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS
PIERSON UNDERWOOD.

THE ISLAND OF REFUGE.

MAN has always sought Utopia—and the quest for a Spiritual City is continual and ceaseless. The Happy Islands, the Abbey of Theleme, the New Atlantis—who has not trod their paths in ecstasy, and wakened with an aimless ache at the heart for the unbearable beauty of what is not and cannot be? It is this which books give us, and music, and the arts; a dwelling place for our strange dreams and wandering, purple fancies; a glimpse of unattainable perfection; an island of refuge. And great indeed is our need for such an island in this time of iron. We muse, or we read, or we listen—the intensity of one sense cloaks the outside world as if with sleep—and we have slipped through the gate of horn, the gate of true dreams, and are walking the streets of a sacred and immortal town. It has passed, the strain, the labor, the knowledge of the abomination of war, and we move in a town of melodious name among its gracious and gentle men and women, the fellows of our company. And there is home in the air—and adventure.

Perhaps it is not well that such instants should last, come very often, even. But when they do come they furnish a true *katharsis*, a cleansing of the soul. Also they lure with a quite ridiculous hope of earthly fulfillment. Never in body shall we

see that fortunate isle—but “Perhaps...” says the brain, “perhaps... There was that time by the three hills at sunset; we very nearly had it that time—and do you remember the two weeks in Sicily and the hour in the white room at Carmel?”—And we are only too eager to be deluded, if we may but return there again.

Every man finds his desire there—and there are all the good and honorable things we know and remember—friendship, and the pitting of oneself against odds, and ale in tankards by the fire, and pale gold twilights and evenings chill with stars. Nor is body or soul abased or deformed after the manner of men. For the small hot irritations of the flesh there are angry and clamorous fellowship and love like the fair strife of two equal and contending flames. And there is peace and laughter and immortal laziness—the sleep and content of the rain or the earth—and their vigor and splendor, immortal likewise. Such is the island of refuge, a haven bitter to forego.

For the war—it has only brought our island closer to us—it has made us strain all effort not toward living there out of the world, but toward bringing the world within the compass of its walls. Consciously or unconsciously, it is for Utopia we are fighting—and over our heads is the Banner of the City of God...and the tattered gonfalon of Don Quixote. It is needless to say we shall not attain—we knew when we began our cause was frustrate, we knew not and shall not know it hopeless. “Perhaps,” we say, repeating idle visions of the soul, “for our children—or our children’s children—”. For us it is enough that through the smoke, the confusion, the useless and wanton sacrifice, we have seen gleam bright and vanish for an instant those white walls we know of—and the way to them lies forward, and in the last agony of assault.

Stephen Vincent Benét.

WAR SECTION

SONNET.

I'll seek you now no more so tirelessly,
Twisting and turning each and every fold
Of Life's drab curtain, desolate and cold,
To find you clinging there invisibly.
I shall be silent with you hiding there
Ever expectant of that gloried hour
When you will have to honor with your power
My patient, all-enduring, anxious prayer.
So you will never find me unaware
That you exist, and that there comes a time
When, after all the years that you will care
Nothing for my warm worship at your shrine,
Still you must dart to press me near at last
Sucking my soul's last kiss as I slip past.

*William A. Douglas,
Yale Mobile Unit.*

THE WINGED TRAIL, I.

LETTERS OF A NAVAL AVIATOR.

U. S. M. S. *New York*,
November 30, 1917.

DEAR M——:

So far the voyage has been very pleasant. We have had heavy weather all the way, but no storms. Curtis R., who claimed he wouldn't be able to look a grape in the eye if there was any motion at all, has scarcely been seasick at all—and as for Shorty S., who made the same claim—he has invited disaster on every possible occasion by ordering lobster, oysters,

pastries and many peculiar things, and has been "on the crest" the whole time. The first day out I was much comforted by the darling steamer letters that were given me by Lou. "It's a long, long trail that's winding" between us and our homecoming again, but it certainly is a trail to be looked forward to. As I look over the bow as we plow along through the enormous swells, the thought comes what a glorious piece of work lies ahead of us, and what a ripping situation we are in. We are among the very first of the American expeditionary forces, and we are to set the fighting pace for the country that is going to turn the balance in the war.

This ocean certainly is a most endless affair. Tex says he admires Columbus more every day. We have had several boat drills, and I am assigned to a hopeless looking collapsible affair, which is at present collapsed, and looks as though it would remain so. Two days ago we had a most heavenly target practice with the pink and blue and green guns. The splashes of the shells are grand to watch, and the gunners are good as the deuce.

Yesterday Bishops Lloyd and Brent held a very nice Thanksgiving service, which we all attended. The candy and cake are most delicious and are being devoured rapidly.

Ever so much love to all.

U. S. M. S. *New York*,
December 3, 1917.

DEAR L——:

I can't thank you enough for your darling affectionate letter. You're a bully little sister, and I felt homesick to see you already on the first day out.

We are now in the happy hunting grounds of all good submariners, and the good old "N.Y." certainly is stepping along. She vibrates like anything, from stem to stern, but she is showing speed that I didn't think was possible in so old a ship. Of course we keep seeing fleets of periscopes, but not one has materialized yet.

We are convoyed ably—I suppose this will be censored—by the most heavenly little convoy. The popular pastime is to

stand on deck and gaze lovingly at it, hoping to see it suddenly bounce ahead and swallow a submarine or two. Our stateroom was so stuffy that Tex decided he would sleep better on deck. He tried it, and theoretically spent a very comfortable night, but actually he shivered until about two A. M., when a wave washed down the deck and immersed him and his bedding. He appeared below almost immediately, much crestfallen that his theory had been blasted. On Saturday night there was a grand concert, in which the lack of talent on the passenger list was thoroughly and ably displayed. Curtis R., Steve P., a nice little civilian Hoover-Commissioner cuss, and I made up what was well named the "misfit quartette." Our performance was apologized for both before and after by the announcer (excuse my grammar). A company of passengers gave a rather peculiar and diverting "Ballet Maritimus," in which an utterly frightful submarine took part.

Bishop Lloyd asked me to send his love to the family.

I have slept almost the entire voyage, so it has passed quickly. The capacity for sleep is so continuous that it is alarming. Having slept the whole voyage with intervals of an hour or two, to eat and walk the deck, I feel now that I can scarcely keep my eyes open to finish this letter. We have at last trained the many stewards to leave our stateroom alone. The first morning No. 1 steward walked gaily in aid said: "Eight o'clock; breakfast is ready." We sleepily kicked him out and put out the light. Then No. 2 steward came. Exit. Then No. 3. Exit *cum celeritate*. Then No. 4. Exit *magna cum celeritate*. Then No. 5. Exit *maxima cum celeritate et profanitate*. Finally when No. 6 appeared, we were so mercilessly savage that our room got a reputation, and we have been almost unmolested since.

I felt much less cheerful than I tried to appear at the dock, and it was a great comfort to open and read the letters, after the good old familiar skyline had dropped below the horizon.

We are now saying: "Erin go bragh! so *this* is the Irish Sea!" Soon we will say: "Rule Britannia! so *this* is London!" and then in a short time: "*Vive la France!* so *this* is Paris! *Oui! La, La!*"

I think we will make the trip from Liverpool to London during the day. Won't it be interesting to go across the whole of England, nearly?

R. M. S. S. *Hantonia*,
December 5, 1917.

DEAR M——:

We arrived happily in Liverpool yesterday, and took a train to London at 11 A. M. We arrived there at about three, and managed to get rooms at the Charing Cross Hotel, all others being full. We dined in state at the Savoy, went to the Hippodrome, which was splendid, and then had a grand bath and airy sleep, which was nice after our unutterably close little cabin. When we reported at the Navy Headquarters this morning, we were surprised at finding that we were to go straight to France, without a day's delay. We had just time to buy some equipment, and catch the four o'clock train. I bought a lovely pair of field boots, a long leather coat, and a lovely leather helmet for about half what they cost in N. Y.

We are now on board a packet, bound for France, where we will awake to-morrow morning.

I was tremendously impressed by London. There is absolutely *not a single* young man not in uniform—in fact, the place is so thronged with uniforms that a civilian is conspicuous. The romance of war—the dash of it, glamor, and that sort of thing—is a thing of two years ago. Everyone is just working his hardest at this tragic piece of business. The women, who are everywhere doing men's jobs, are bright, efficient, cheerful, with a sort of admirable bully spirit which I don't quite see how to describe. The wounded are so thick that no one looks twice at a man with a limb missing. Mourning was not worn in the streets of London, and they were crowded with a cheerful, and almost brilliant, crowd of uniforms and people. But there is an impressive something-or-other about it which makes you see how these people have been through the mill, how wonderfully they are taking it, and the hugeness of the job in hand. New York is still just playing at war compared to this—which is, of course, perfectly natural;—but if each New Yorker could actually *see* just a wee

scrap of the things he reads about—he would get a determination to put every last effort in his system and influence toward winning. Thank God the Americans are their way—and how they are needed. The Englishmen I have spoken to have been so interested and anxious to hear how people are going about it over there. Everything is so interesting that it's grand to be alive. To-day is the most interesting I ever spent, and to-morrow will probably be more so.

We were all disappointed not to be able to stay a little longer in London, but it's fun to be getting to the real stuff just as soon as possible. Of course I was unable to use my letters of introduction—but an opportunity will come later.

My love to father and all the family.

P.S. Remember, you must keep well, and mustn't *ever* worry. There's nothing to worry about. It's such a pity that you have to stay home, while I'm having the time of my life.

I send you piles and piles of love. You were perfectly great at the boat. More love. Good-night.

Hotel Regina,
Paris, December 9, 1917.

DEAR M——:

I hope you got both my cables all right. No mail from home has reached here yet. We arrived in Paris on the evening of December sixth, were met by a nice American officer, who told us that rooms were engaged for us at the Regina. So we came here, and find it most luxurious. On December seventh we bought whatever equipment we still lacked, after reporting at our Headquarters, and then had a lovely dinner at a Café and went to the theatre. The next day I met Bev. D. and George T., who has distinguished himself in the French Flying Corps by getting two *Boches*. And T. and I dined and went to the *Folies Bergères* together. It was pretty fair. Yesterday Steve P., Tex, Eddo and I went to the *Invalides*, and saw the war trophies, including Guynemer's machine and a lot of German machines. They were interesting, but not nearly as interesting as the crowd looking at them. The

weather-beaten, steel-helmeted *poilus* are everywhere, and there are quantities of splendidly uniformed French officers, with bright red trousers, dark blue coats, gold and red caps. Flashy Italian, Belgian and English officers are all over, and Americans galore. They certainly are looking to the Americans to do up this job. The French have been through a terrific lot. I had an interesting talk with a *poilu* on the train to Paris. He had been in the trenches three years, had been wounded three times, but was hale and hearty enough at that. I asked him about the morale of the French. He said that it was very good, but that they were "*fatigué.—Bon courage, vous savez, mais tres fatigué.*" The French are the politest people I ever saw. Just buying a cigar in a store they are so polite about it, that I feel like a farmer. Then I feel more like a farmer in realizing how I have been stuck!

To-night, being the last we have in Paris, we are going to have a most delightful little party. Steve P., Bev, and I are entertaining Miss H. B., who is just as nice as she can be. We are dining at a highly respectable little café, and then going to the theatre. H. is working hard as anything in the Red Cross, and goes out very seldom in the evening, but this time she is making an exception. It is too nice for words to be able to talk to a really nice girl, in English and everything.

To-morrow morning we start for a flying school near B., where we will learn stick control on some French flying boats, which are a good deal lighter and faster than the Buffalo ones. After a couple of months there we may go on active service, but probably won't even then.

George T. told me a very interesting account of an air fight. He is in a fighting *escadrille*, and flies usually in company with a very distinguished French *ace*, who has brought down over twenty Germans. Two days after Guynemer's death, they spotted a Hun two-seater below them, dove for it and the *ace* brought it down. It dropped well within the French lines, and they both went down and landed to see the machine. Looking over the Germans' papers, they found they were the men who had gotten Guynemer two days before.

Yesterday we saw a beautiful afternoon service in Notre Dame. The grief-stricken faces of the people there—all in

black—were depressing and made one want to help. I would like to be in Paris when the Germans have been licked, and the armies come marching home!

We are starting for our little party now.

If Bill hasn't started yet, tell him to bring lumped sugar, which is fairly scarce, but not to load up with a lot of matches, as there are plenty here. Send me cigars, please. French ones are awful, and American ones here cost like blazes.

France,
December 17, 1917.

DEAR M——:

Here we are at a lovely little Navy Flying School in the south of France, to learn stick control, gunnery, etc. We were all glad to get away from Paris, because our luxurious life there was sort of unsatisfactory.

On Tuesday night, the 11th, we pulled out of Paris, arriving at the school on the night of the 12th. There are not enough officers' quarters at the school, so we are living in a most charming little town five kilometers from camp. We have already achieved great good health by walking between here and camp, through the most lovely hills, wooded with pines. Our present residence is the Hotel Marian, in which we are the only guests—Tex, Eddy, Steve, M. le Baron de H. and me. The baron is a great card. He is next to the oldest *pilote* in the French Flying Corps, being about forty-five, and after winning great distinction on the front (he has a *Croix de Guerre* with four palms) he has been detailed as bombing and gunnery instructor to the American Flying Corps. We are looking about the town for a suitable villa for five, where we will keep house and have altogether a most golden existence, for a smaller price than we are now paying, by a good deal. We have already inspected three or four splendid, comfortable and picturesque little villas, of which we will choose one. We will hire a *bonne* to take care of the *chalet* and cook for us. This is positively a most pleasant place. The climate is almost like Southern Pines in winter, although somewhat colder. We have already started flying, and expect that we will be

through with the training here in two months or so (possibly less).

Here are some conclusions we have reached, by talking to people and by general impressions:

France will never give in, and can hold out all right on the defensive. There is not the man power or enthusiasm left for a great offensive, without tremendous and effective outside help. There is no more enthusiasm for the war. In every family there have been men killed and crippled. Only the bitterness of the desire for revenge and the necessity for preserving the nation keeps up the morale. There is no more of the gay, care-free departing for the front, except among the Americans. And French soldiers have told me over and over that dreadful things will happen if ever the French army breaks through into Germany—that they will kill everybody and destroy everything. And each one who says this says also: “And they will be right, too, and I will do it myself.” So it’s up to the Americans to crush the Germans in a great offensive—military—and without wholesale destruction of everything, before the bitterness has entered into their souls, as it has those of every other person fighting Germans. Every person, practically, who comes from the front, has stories of atrocities. How the Americans are needed, needed, needed. Over here you feel like prodding everybody in America to hustle, to be enthusiastic, to bend every effort toward finishing up this thing, because the sooner we can be felt widely on the front, the sooner will be the end of this tragic, enormous carnage.

There was a story in Paris current when we arrived, about a battalion or so of American engineers, who, when working in conjunction with the British near Cambrai, who were cut off from the British lines. They had only picks and shovels, but they picked those up, charged the German trenches, and simply licked the pie right out of the Germans, and then most got back to the British trenches safely. This sort of thing puts heart into one, doesn’t it?

No mail has yet arrived. We stroll on the beach and look out over the breakers, and think of you on the other side of the old pond.

Write me what you know about Bill's date of sailing if you know anything. It certainly would be great to meet over here.

I hope this reaches you by Christmas, because it contains piles and piles of love. I think of you as often as I dare, and still keep from being hopelessly homesick.

It's positively delectable talking to the French people, and seeing them politely try to control their spasms of mirth at our French. Tex and Eddo are frightfully funny. They say something and the Frenchman's, or lady's, expression becomes more and more puzzled, until finally, with a burst of comprehension, they launch into a swift volley of replies which are utterly mystifying, and never understood, until repeated slowly and distinctly.

There are two extraordinary French cats at the Marian, who appear frightened and depart if you say, "Kitty, kitty, kitty." But immediately you say, "*Minon, minon, minon,*" they start purring and become most affectionate.

Loads of love and a merry Christmas and happy New Year to you all. I'm sorry not to be able to send any presents, but it's sort of impossible. I keep feeling sorry that father isn't here, he would love it so. Everything is replete with interest. Peasants on stilts go wandering around herding cattle. And we are going to try to pull off a bang-up boar hunt—horses, hounds and all, on Christmas. The baron is trying to arrange that for us. He had a pack of fifty-two boar-hounds before the war.

My Romeos are nearly all gone—woe is me! But Aunt Alice's tobacco is much relished by all concerned. Tell Miss Bovee that the presents from the school are very useful and a great comfort.

We have seen loads of German prisoners, and the French say they work beautifully, because if they don't, they threaten to send them back to Germany, which means back to the front, which is the last thing the prisoners want.

F. M. stands for "*Franchise Militaire.*" I am officer of the day of the camp to-morrow for the first time, which will be interesting. Our pay is an ever-present comfort. I have

bought quite a little stuff, but am still flush, and ever becoming more so, so I'll start sending money home for Liberty bonds pretty soon (maybe).

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, loads of love.

John Jay Schieffelin,

Naval Aviation.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

They are standing by a window in a room,
The man and the girl.
She is clad all in white
And she is telling him
Slowly, coldly,
That she can never marry him.

Yesterday, to kiss her
Had been his life's fulfillment—
To kiss her.
But now

Outside, a branch sways past the window,
Alight, alive in the sun.
Springtime!
Each twig bears a cluster of yellow buds,
Moist and gleaming, yellow as gold,
The gleaming, yellow-haired, new-born children of Spring.
This is Nature
Ever-growing, unceasing,
Sublime, eternal,
This is grand undying Nature returning.
And there are woods
In the country,
There birds make a new song
As the leaves thrust forth miraculously

Who is this woman he has loved?
What is she?
What shall she be to him?
He has turned and smiled and said,
"Good-bye."

She wept stormily, and then
Was silent,
As the winds rush
Through the pine trees
And leave them
Silent
Under the sky.
She wanted him.
Outside, the branch swayèd, nodded, beckoned.
But the window was closed.
And it could not call to her soul
Because that is a window
Closed and shuttered, too.

Robert M. Coates.

A TICKET TO MISSOURI.

I HARDLY like to tell you the name of the quiet little New England seaport, for if I did you would receive a totally false impression. You would naturally think of the magnificent boulevards, the three-story white marble "cottages," the monstrous dinner parties and equally monstrous society leaders which have grown upon the old town like an excrescence, and throttled its quaint New England individuality until they have reduced it in the eyes of the world to a "summer colony." Now this, however, is not a story of millionaires; it does not even begin on the Avenue, but rather in the lowly neighborhood of Onset Street. A rather curious backwater is Onset Street. It really forms the first few blocks of the Avenue, for it changes into that highway as soon as it leaves its plebeian beginnings far enough behind. But down near the square it contents itself with the original name, a name which it honored when there was no Avenue, and the splendid lawns of the summer cottages were nothing but rock-fenced New England farms. On Onset Street one finds neat colonial doorways with their prim steps and dainty fan-lights; one finds narrow sidewalks and insignificant little box hedges; one also finds gross encroachments of stables and Italian fruit stores. For Onset Street looks back, perhaps, with a faint, vague longing upon the days of its glories, and is thankful now for what it may glean from the splendor of the Avenue. The parent has fallen into evil days and must live on the scornful generosity of its offspring.

So with Mrs. Bassett's in Onset Street. Mrs. Bassett's is an ugly, sprawling frame house, dating from the seventies and driven to earning its own living. Morning glories relieve it of a bad fit of sulks by climbing soft and luxuriantly over the porch. It is pleasant in the summer evenings, when the deep foliage of the street, nourished in sea fogs and damp sou'westers, makes all the twilight green, to sit on the porch and

watch the straggling passers-by. These are grooms and butlers, perhaps, going up to the Avenue, or jolly sailors, on shore leave from the North Atlantic Battle Fleet, who steer devious courses under the influence of the "downtown" saloon. Mrs. Bassett's is pleasant; it is the best boarding house in the older part of the city, and one found, in days when the war cloud was far away, a company collected there which was as curious as Onset Street itself.

There were, foremost and all pervading, the "navy ladies"—pathetic little brides of boyish ensigns with the Fleet. A little homesick, a little uncertain in their new rôle of wife, and very lonely as long as their husbands were on board ship, they sat about and darned socks (that being the due badge of matrimony) and formed a monstrous problem for Mrs. Bassett, whose duty it was to amuse them. Then there might have been a doctor or two from New York, waiting for reputations which would allow them to stay at expensive places on the Avenue; there was a straggling semi-author or quasi-celebrity; there was an Hungarian consul, or an American painter—all come to hang upon the outskirts of society and perchance to observe the tennis—in the hopes of thereby being themselves observed in the act of doing so. A wandering, migratory group, people who came from everywhere to overflow Mrs. Bassett's little dining-room and to bring in the noise of distant places and curious characters—people who drifted away again on autumn winds leaving the magic of their romance to linger over the contracted tables and vaguely to disquiet the permanent boarders.

These latter were of a different sort. They had nothing of the transient or romantic. Winter found them clustered about the stove, just as summer saw them scattered among the bobbing heads and filmy sleeves of the navy ladies. There was old Mr. Cruikshank, who would be a clerk at the naval station if it didn't sound better to say "civilian employe"—and who persisted in telling long stories which always got confused in his cigar and his moustache just as he reached the point. There was Miss Bassett, twenty, pretty, and efficient; there was Colonel Whipper and the two insufferable Whipper boys who were only tolerated because their father, a colonel on

active service, shed luster upon the table. There were two or three quiet old ladies; there was the doctor, and finally, above all, there was Uncle Teddy, who presided at the head of one of the big tables in the little dining-room.

"Oh," said Uncle Teddy one particular evening, smiling benignly on Colonel Whipper opposite, "you army people may be great travelers, but—what do you think?"

There was instant interest. Uncle Teddy (we called him that behind his back because he alone in our community was without kindred) was entitled to both love and respect.

"What *are* you talking about?" cried Miss Bassett with emphasis nicely scaled to the impression which the old gentleman evidently wished to produce. Miss Bassett, you see, was ever watchful to oil the conversational machine. "What *are* you talking about?" she said archly, as if she would add, "you old rogue!" Uncle Teddy's partially bald head shone delightedly.

"I knew it would surprise you. What do you think?"

One of the navy ladies hazarded a bit timidly, "I think Mr. Harkness must be going traveling himself?"

"That's telling!" cried Uncle Teddy. "Now how did you guess it?"

"No, Mr. Harkness!" chorused the others. Here was a sensation indeed. In all the last ten years there had been no fixture at Mrs. Bassett's as immovable as Uncle Teddy. Even Mr. Cruikshank was once sent on a three months' expedition to the Panama Canal, but winter and summer Uncle Teddy had taken his three meals a day in the little dining-room.

"No, Mr. Harkness. Where? How long?" No need of Miss Bassett's prompting now. The interest was genuine and general.

"I *thought* it would surprise you," repeated the old gentleman, rubbing his hands and infinitely pleased. "Yes, I've decided. Two months. And where do you suppose? Missouri. I've a distant cousin out there. He lives in a place called Halifax, and he's just invited me to come out and look over his new sheep farm. Well, I'm going!"

There was a naïve air of boldness in this flat declaration. Mrs. Wells, the little lady who had guessed the secret, gave

quite a pretty little start, and confessed that she came from Missouri herself.

"Nice people in Missouri," remarked a newspaper man, up for special articles on the Dog Show. "Out there once. Hope you have a good trip."

"Now that's the point," exclaimed the old gentleman. "You people are always doing things and having capital adventures. It isn't fair for us stay-at-homes just to hear you tell about it. Now I'm rebelling, and I propose—" here Uncle Teddy set down his bottle of mineral water with an impressive thump—"I propose to have a little adventuring myself!"

The newspaper man smiled loftily, and an irresponsible ensign sniggered, "Don't shoot up the Indians, sir, too badly. You know—" But his wife, who was a nice girl from Virginia, very properly quashed him. Perhaps there was something a bit pathetic in the old gentleman's ideas of adventure, but this, you must remember, was Onset Street, through which the world passes, not the Avenue, which passes through the world.

"Yes," said Uncle Teddy wistfully, "it *would* be rather fun to—to shoot up Indians, now wouldn't it?"

Things were not going properly for Mr. Cruikshank. He headed the other table, and the spirit of rivalry ruled even in Mrs. Bassett's. Uncle Teddy was having it too much his own way, in Mr. Cruikshank's eyes a diversion of interest was necessary.

"Eh? You want excitement, Harkness?" From the eminence of his Panama trip he looked down upon the other permanent boarders as a man of the world. "Eh? Young fellow over at the station'll be taking a trip for excitement he isn't looking for in a few days." The transition, like a song cue in a musical comedy, was abrupt but effectual. Both tables called for the story.

"Embezzlement!" said Mr. Cruikshank, at once dramatic and cryptic.

"Oh, how dreadful!" cried Mrs. Wells, with a bit of a shriek.

"This afternoon," continued the civilian employe.

"How much!" The reporter ran true to form. "Did they get him?"

"Cool thirty thousand!" When Mr. Cruikshank was a youth it was considered dashing to refer to "cool" sums. "Nobody's been arrested yet. It was taken out of the safe not ten minutes before I came into the office." A wave of interest ran around the tables. One of the Whipper boys preparing to look bored, was the only jarring note. The civilian employe waved his cigar and plunged into the story.

"—so you see," he concluded, "they'll get him sure. I telephoned the department myself."

"Must be exciting to be a detective," ruminated Uncle Teddy. "Now sometimes I feel that I shouldn't at all mind being a detective myself." But nobody heard him except Mrs. Wells. Mr. Cruikshank was the lion now and he expanded to the treatment.

"Yes, they'll get the man, whoever he is," he maintained. "You know, our Police Department is very up-to-date." It is a social error in Onset Street to admit that any Onset institution is not up-to-date. "Very efficient. Much improved since young lawyer was put in for chief. I remember—" but Mr. Cruikshank was off on a reminiscence, and the Whipper boy was not the only one who looked bored.

Uncle Teddy only smiled at Mrs. Wells. "Yes," he said, "up-to-date is the word now. But we oldsters don't get any consideration at all. You navy people now—your husband is an ensign, isn't he?"

Mrs. Wells modestly admitted that her husband was at present only a civilian employe.

"Well, at any rate, you weren't born in Onset Street. You know, ma'am, I've been sitting here ten years now, and what I've been waiting for all along is a Great Moment." He was oddly quizzical. "I don't mind confessing that I think a Great Moment would be rather fun. Onset Street is rather—confining, you know. Hence my flight to Missouri."

The general exodus coming at this moment allowed the old gentleman to fall unnoticed into a curiously wistful reverie. Perhaps he wasn't joking altogether after all. He envied Mr. Cruikshank that embezzler. A Great Moment would be—

"When are you leaving us, Mr. Harkness?" asked Mrs. Bassett, lingering behind.

"Why!" cried Uncle Teddy. "I declare I'd forgotten! That was part of the surprise. To-morrow!"

Uncle Teddy couldn't deny himself a little private gloating over his trip. The warm summer air invited a stroll, an advanced taste of future delights. An infectious sort of evening it was, when the damp air drifting in from the sea spoke eloquently of great worlds beyond the horizon, and made one envy the jolly little tide rips at the harbor mouth that dance gaily out by Castle Hill and lose themselves in the darkness of the great ocean. Uncle Teddy turned toward the harbor, and soon found himself on the pier-head where the New York boat was just coming in. There were the usual crowds of sailors, townspeople, elegant gentlemen descending from automobiles and shabby stevedores leaning on their trucks—everyone shouting and laughing under the arc lamps. A composite odor of paint, packing cases, salt fish, seaweed and salt water pervaded the atmosphere and came as an intoxicating breath to Uncle Teddy's nostrils, a breath from other places and great adventures. Across the channel were the rows of island lights; in the darkness of the outer harbor the beacon lanterns burned steadily, while the flashing signal lights of the fleet winked and blinked and blinked unceasingly. Suddenly the bulk of the steamer loomed in the dark; slowly and majestically she glided in, and then with a great crashing of paddles, with churning sea water and flying mooring lines, she laid her towering mass along the wharf. Far, far up, half lost in vague shadows of smoke-stacks and ventilators, her chief mate stood on the end of the midship bridge, signaling to her huge engines in the depths of the hold.

Uncle Teddy gazed at him and remembered times when he had envied that chief mate, standing up there like a rear admiral. But he only smiled at him now. Years of saving had at last given the old gentleman the magic talisman which was to open for him places even beyond the ken of the chief mate. Uncle Teddy tapped his ticket in his breast pocket, entitling him to—a trip to Missouri. "Never mind where," he thought. "I can make believe there are going to be Indians in Missouri.

My Great Moment may be waiting for me there, for all I know." Odd thoughts for an elderly, small business man! But then, Uncle Teddy was always a favorite with the children at Mrs. Bassett's. Maybe that explains it.

Next morning Mrs. Bassett saw Uncle Teddy duly packed and prepared. He said his good-byes at dinner and left immediately afterward, although the steamer was not due until a couple of hours later. He had to go to his office and arrange a few last details in his business. The office was large and blank and held a peculiar flavor born of much foggy air and little sun. The clock ticked lugubriously on the wall, and the place was hot. Uncle Teddy finished his work sooner than he had expected, and the clock drove him into the open.

Now a curious thing happened. Turning the corner, Uncle Teddy pulled his handkerchief out of his breast pocket. As he did so there was a thump on the pavement, and he realized that he had pulled his ticket out with it. The light was dim, Uncle Teddy's eyes not of the best, and he stopped to look for the envelope. He even had to stoop down and grope for it—in the very act a spoken sentence fell suddenly upon his ear. The voice was a tense half-whisper.

"You know I can't change a thousand-dollar bill in this town, and beyond the thirty, we're strapped."

The speaker, or rather, whisperer, was close at hand. Uncle Teddy straightened up very suddenly and looked about. No one was on the street. It was a street characteristic of the town—the houses were all built out as far as possible, flush with the sidewalk, and the little porches of some of them rudely encroached upon that passageway. Uncle Teddy was looking directly into the first floor windows of such a house. It was deserted.

"Foolishness!" said Uncle Teddy. "Why, it's the back office." So it was—this particular building, an old dwelling house, had been connected with the back of his own office—it was a sort of an annex, and was never used, except for storage room.

"Foolishness!" said Uncle Teddy, and stooped again.

"But I tell you I've got to get out to-night. Will you mess the whole thing?" whispered the voice furiously.

"Eh?" said Uncle Teddy. Sure enough the sound came from a grating beneath the porch. It had once been used as an intake for a hot-air heating system. The man was evidently in the cellar of the annex.

He was answered in the frightened tone of a woman. "But what am I to do? You know they'll get *me*."

"I don't give a damn," was the brutal return. "They can't hang anything on you. It's different when you've got thirty thousand in your money belt!"

Thirty thousand! A thought flashed instantly through Uncle Teddy's mind. He recovered his ticket and stood up. Trotting around to the front of his office, he quickly let himself in. His first thought was for the telephone;—he had the receiver half off the hook, when he stopped. A light gradually dawned in his eyes.

"Eh?" he muttered. He stood irresolutely, glancing toward the "back office." Then he walked across the room to a desk, opened a drawer and took out an old forty-four caliber revolver. Uncle Teddy looked at it, looked at the telephone, turned the revolver over—

"Eh?" he repeated. "Why not? Cruikshank—George! what an idea!" He paused to listen. "Anyway, there'd be no harm in—just in taking a look first." By this time he was near the door into the annex. "I'll try!" he exclaimed, and groped his way for the electric light button. But even before he found it the passageway, for him, was illumined. In his eyes there shone the light of a Great Moment. It was an Adventure!

Once in a rear building he listened again. There was a distant sound of murmuring beneath his feet. Uncle Teddy, tense, his revolver a bit unsteady before him, tiptoed to the cellar stairs. His foot found the first step—it creaked. He shivered and halted. The murmuring beneath ceased abruptly.

"Oh," he breathed. "I'll see—" He stepped forward, slipped, and catapulted down the stairway with a noise fit to wake every sleeper in Trinity churchyard.

Uncle Teddy sat up on the bottom step. A dark lantern, overturned on the ground, cast a sheaf of light and shadow through the littered cellar. By its illumination he found him-

self blinking stupidly into the frightened eyes of—Mrs. Wells, the navy lady, as she shrank back against the opposite wall.

Uncle Teddy was the first to regain his senses. He suddenly realized that the proper thing to do was to cover her with his revolver, and he hastened to pick it up and bring it to bear. He was a little uncertain of the next step, and sat waiting for something to happen. The motionless girl gave him no hint.

"Er—oh, yes—put up your hands!" he commanded at a venture. She obeyed. So far, so good, but obviously they couldn't remain forever in the cellar.

"Well?" hazarded the old gentleman.

The girl suddenly melted. "Oh, Mr. Harkness—" she cried, clasping her hands and starting forward.

"Eh?" He thrust out the gun in apprehension. She halted.

"Well," he said, with a sudden inspiration, "you'd better help me up."

She came forward again, got him on his feet and automatically dusted his coat sleeve.

"Here, put up your hands!" he cried. "Now, march!" They climbed the stairs silently, and returned to the upper office. Then finally, in the brightly lighted room he faced her about and surveyed his captive.

It was, unquestionably, undeniably, the Great Moment. For the first time in sixty years he saw himself as a real hero of a real adventure. It was the consummation of dreams; it was the climax. Supremely happy, there was but one thing more—the telling of it. Cruikshank? He would wither him—

The girl began to weep. Uncle Teddy broke off and looked at her sharply. That wasn't according to rule.—He was shocked to see how pale she was, he was more shocked at the contrast between this and the innocent little lady who had chatted with him at Mrs. Bassett's.

"Here," he called, a little roughly, "what's the matter?" No answer. The whole thing was somehow disgustingly irregular and topsy-turvy even for an adventure. He had a right to be rough.

"What on earth do *you* mean by being mixed up in this?" he demanded, still more sharply. The girl swayed unsteadily where she stood.

"Sit down!" said Uncle Teddy, indicating his own swivel chair, which held a cushion. The girl obeyed, and sinking her head upon the desk, she sobbed and sobbed as if her heart would break. Uncle Teddy snorted, and walked up and down the room, twirling his revolver absent-mindedly on his finger. Then he stopped suddenly before her.

"By the way, I forgot. Where's the man?"

"Gone." She did not say it—she modified her sobbing to frame a semblance of the word. He remained looked at her intently.

"Well, who was he?"

"My—my husband." The girl did not raise her head; her shoulders still shook.

"Oh, I see. Civilian employe. So *he* took the thirty thousand dollars, is that it?"

There was no answer. Suddenly Uncle Teddy felt a guilty twinge. The real malefactor was escaping all this while. He reached for the telephone on the desk. The girl suddenly looked up.

"Don't!" she said. His hand dropped like a piece of clock work.

"And why—"

"Mr. Harkness, don't!" The hollowed, tear-stained eyes were even more compelling in appeal than the voice. The poor lady looked fearfully worn. Uncle Teddy fidgetted.

"Eh!" he ejaculated suddenly. "Why aren't you a criminal?"

"What—?"

"I mean, why don't you *look* like a criminal—behave like one?"

She put her chin in her hands. "Because—because I'm *not*. Please believe me!"

"Well?" he was gruffer than ever.

"I didn't know anything about it!" she cried brokenly. "I didn't, you *see* I didn't! Jack—Jack told me to meet him here. It was—it was the first I knew."

"Where's he gone to?"

"I don't know. I can't believe.—We've only been married three months."

Uncle Teddy twirled the revolver faster than ever.

"The cad!" he exclaimed. "Here then, I'll ring up headquarters and set 'em after him."

"Don't!" she cried again. "Jack isn't a cad! He's my husband! I can't—I don't seem to be able to think straight—"

There was a pause. Uncle Teddy felt he was losing command of the situation.

"Well," he grunted suddenly, "how do I know you haven't got the money with you right now?" He started up and down the office again. The woman was lying. She must be. If she weren't, where did he figure as a hero? That was an idea to shudder at. He would have to call the police—at least to set them on the man's trail. It was clearly his duty. But the telephone was at her elbow, and he couldn't look toward the instrument without seeing the girl. She sat there, utterly bowed under the strain of shock and terror. He coughed and fidgetted.

"I haven't the money, Mr. Harkness," she said. "I don't know anything about it. I haven't even any pocket money. Jack brought me here. He took everything I had. He needed it to get a ticket.—It was only then that he told me—that he told me—" She covered her face with her hands, shutting out something loathsome. "He jumped out through the window when you came."

"What did he expect you to do?"

"He'll send me enough to get away with. He promised."

"The cad!" repeated Uncle Teddy fiercely. "Oh, he looked out for himself well enough, I suppose. I'll fix him anyway."

"He's *not* bad!" cried the girl. "You *must* give him a chance. You mustn't call the police!"

"I will!" He was decided. "You won't have a show anyway. They'll nab you to-morrow as soon as they find he's gone, even if I don't bring them here now. That precious husband of yours hasn't left you a ghost of a chance and it might as well be now as any time!" But the little lady only shrank away from him.

"Jack's not going to—Jack's not—" Her voice died away in a hopeless confusion. She had ceased to sob, but her whole body trembled. She was caught in toils beyond her understanding.

Uncle Teddy sat down abruptly opposite her. The clock on the wall ticked loudly. Suddenly he started. It pointed to twenty minutes of steamer time! He looked at the girl, and then at the telephone, and then at the clock. He rustled some papers, dropped them, picked up others, busied himself with an envelope and a pencil.

"Well," he said shortly, "I can't wait. Sorry. Your Jack's probably far enough by this time!" The girl quickly seized the telephone.

"Oh, very well; there's another in the next room." He rose suddenly. The old gentleman was so nervous that he dropped the envelope on the desk before her. As he went out, she looked at it. She gave a start. He had written her own name across the face. She tore it open;—it contained a ticket to Halifax, Missouri.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bassett was on the porch when Uncle Teddy came back.

"Why, Mr. Harkness!" she cried.

He gazed at her for a moment. He half-started to tell the story, but he could not. A picture rose in his mind—the picture he had formed himself of how he should tell them of his adventure—a picture of himself as a sleuth, as a detector of criminals.—The contrast was too miserable. Instead of a hero, a wretched, weak-minded old fool. His Great Moment had slipped through his fingers forever and he was too crushed to be even inventive.

"I missed the boat," said Uncle Teddy.

Walter Millis.

THE LAUGH OF INDRA.

Beside a star-flaked lotus pool
Umra-Singh lay dead,
Slain by the sword of Shiwa in Amboul,
And through the blue nights, passing one by one,
Where burned the pale white lotus in the night
Shri sat and nursed his head.

Shri, who was paler than the pale *shami*,
The flower of Death,
Whispered to him and bound
Her arms about his neck,
And from a silver mound,
Floating among the dreaming lotus-flowers
And stars upon the pool, through hours and hours,
Her still white limbs and curving bosom slept
Reflected, and the shadow of her hair
Fell like the soul of night and darkness there;
And oftentimes she raised her eyes and wept,
And her voice came like the whisper of a wave,
Sobbing above a grave.

And through the blue nights passing one by one,
Shri watched the pale white lotus of the moon
Turn red where Umra-Singh's red blood had run;
And saw the Lover-Moon unveil his light
Among the loosened tresses of the trees;
And when he dwindled quite away
To Umra-Singh's cold side Shri crept and lay
Upon his heart, and soon, O soon,
When came the first red ray
At dawn she died.

Then was the curse of ancient sins uplifted
And Umra-Singh awoke. Before him stood

A woman in a boat with silver sails.
Upon a pool of lotuses she drifted,
White lotuses that turned their tint to blue
Beneath her eyes,
Shri as his *cheti* in the former birth,
Smiling among her veils.

Bewildered each gazed at the other, till
The soft grey clouds of silken veils
Were parted and a gleam,
Like dim blue lotuses beneath a hill
Fell over Umra-Singh. The silver sails
Swelled with the breeze and moved across the pool;
And rosier than the mango bloom, Shri wound
About his neck the creepers of her arms,
And whispered to him sobbing on his heart;
Then from the dark, dank forest of Amboul
The erring lovers held so long apart
By former sins, slipped from the fierce alarms
Of earth together, and along the stream
The boat of silver sails
Bore the rejoicing to Kiaska's vales
Thinking the past a dream.

Then Indra laughed aloud.
And bending down the thunderous abysses
Drew up the forest of his yellow hair,
And laughed until he shook the precipices
And all the tall red hills of earth.
Then Uma from her seat upon his knee
Kissed him and stole the yellow moon from where
It lay upon his brow, and held it high
A ransom for the secret of his mirth:
The Moon-God raised a cloud:
"Yonder," Her said, "two foolish lovers lie,
Our children, Umra-Singh and blue-eyed Shri,
Rejoicing to have wakened from a dream,
And lo! 't is but a dream entangled deep
Within a dream and they are still asleep."

And the Moon-God's thunder laughter rolled and rolled,
Terrible and tender, fold on fold,
Among the distant hills;
It strewed the pools with colored lotus-flowers,
And loosed the waters of a thousand rills;
And woke a thousand showers;
It chased thin shadows through dark precipices,
Falling like mist veils in bottomless abysses,
And faded, covering earth's brown plains with tears,
And earth's brown men with tender, mocking kisses.

John Williams Andrews.

Note: This tale is taken in part from F. W. Bain's translation, "The Digit of the Moon."

CHILDREN OF KINGS.

SHE stood on the sagging and paintless steps of the old plantation house, watching the cooling shadows grow out around her and creep away over the parched lawn to the broken gate and the red clay roadway. It was just at that grateful time in the long Georgia summer afternoon when the brassy skies deepen into glorious and cloud-flecked blues, when the harsh colors of the young cotton fields yield and soften, and the bubbling runs chatter to themselves in the cool depths of the pine bottoms. The time when all life, crushed since noon under the heavy heat of the blazing sun, rises once more, takes a deep breath and with the light heart of the South goes about preparing itself for the glories of the star-lit evening.

The girl stood there under the huge mass of clematis that climbed over the old porch. Gracefully erect, with a fine, quick face, her dark hair laid close to her head in the pretty, old-fashioned style, her whole expression belied her cheap gingham frock and her work-roughened hands. Only at first glance might one take her for the ordinary middle Georgia country type, because her face and her flashing black eyes—she liked to say that Jeb Stuart was her hero, and those eyes told one why. There hung upon her, as upon the overgrown garden, the uncut lawn and the weather-stained “great house,” a quiet pathos, the hopeless pathos of the fallen houses of the old South.

She was waiting for some one, and she now started quickly at a movement on the road. A young man, perhaps one or two years her junior, appeared beyond the giant magnolia at the corner of the yard, and quickened his step to meet her embrace.

“I’m sure glad you’ve come, Tom,” she said quietly. “I would have sent old Henry down to meet you, but he’s the other hand I have in the south field.”

“I liked the walk,” said the other. “I’ll never get over thinking how pretty the road is, I reckon.”

The girl nodded in silence.

"But look here," cried the boy, "you haven't asked me. Aren't you wondering what luck I've had?"

They paused at the gate. The warm air was very sweet about them, the place was very still, fitting the curious repression with which she answered.

"Co'se I am, Tom." Her speech had the soft musical quality of the better educated Southerner, an accent to which a written reproduction is an insult. "Co'se I am, but I know you got the job just by looking at you."

"You're right, sister, as usual. I got it and I'm going to do something with it, too."

"But, Tom, I've been doing a little thinking. It won't make any difference after all because—" she laid her hands on his shoulders, "because you must enlist, Tom."

"Sue!" he cried. "But—but—you haven't heard!"

"It won't make any difference. If you don't go now, you may be drafted. I've thought it out, Tom. No Randolph is going to be *drafted*, in this war."

The boy's radiant expression changed queerly. Together they walked up the path—once neat and brick-lined, but now tufted with grass and strewn with broken pieces of the border.

"You know, Sue, how I'd like to—I'd give more than a little to be going now—but pshaw, I can't!"

She smiled. "Tell me about Atlanta. Come on while I look after my chickens."

They went around to the back of the house. Everywhere the same signs of slow tragedy appeared—the sturdy brick outbuildings, set up sixty years before in the full pride of the great plantation, still lifted their heads, but amidst ruins. Crazy modern makeshifts leaned upon their walls, broken fences surrounded them, and weak-kneed gates swung aimlessly open because, the live stock long since gone, there was no purpose in their being shut. A round-headed negro baby playing in some wood chips was the only sign of life.

"Where's your mother, Tom Randolph?" demanded the girl. Her brother's diminutive black namesake gazed silently, then mustered his courage and said dubiously:

"I don't know, Miss Sue, ma'm. She ain't done come back yit."

She turned to her brother. "I let Eugenia go over to Dragonton to nurse her cousin. So I reckon you and I'll have to work for our supper!"

But Tom was too full of his subject. "I got the job all right. That was easy enough. This old place will look better next summer, I 'spect."

"But the mortgage?"

"I was saving that for a surprise. They gave me an extension. Three months. *Now* what do you say?"

"Good for you. That's—that's fine! Three months is something." But she looked away as she said it.

The boy didn't notice. "Of course, I went to Uncle Henry's funeral, too. I wonder if he's remembered us? They haven't read the will yet."

"Do you reckon it's likely?"

"Oh, co'se he hasn't thought a lot about us up to now. But you can't tell."

They reached the chicken houses, only to receive a rather discouraging report from an exceedingly decrepit old man who was working about there.

"Yas'm," he said, reflectively, removing the crown of his hat while the brim remained on his head, "yas'm, it do seem as if this here war's got into them fowls. No'm, there ain't a egg in none o' them roosts."

Brother and sister wandered on over the farm and so back to the house, where the supper question arose. The unwashed dishes from the last meal were piled on the sink, the kitchen was disorderly, the whole house showed the curiously shiftless, haphazard air of the yards and outbuildings. The aristocrat, even if aristocratic only by heredity, is better as house manager than as house maid. But Sue set to work cleaning off enough plates for their supper. She collected odds and ends of food from here and there while Tom arranged the table.

It was not a particularly sumptuous meal, and the china was marvelously cracked and chipped. Tom's fork was a heavy silver piece of some value; his sister's the cheapest of

plated ware. The water pitcher they used was from a fine old silver set, beautifully engraved; but one of the glasses had begun life as a jelly-jar.

"I don't see why we can't do better with the place," remarked the boy as they sat under the oil lamp. "Here's this Mr. Higgins. You know he's been getting along pretty well over at Beacon."

"Do you know how he does it, though?"

"Not 'specially."

"It's nothing but just grinding the negroes. They talk about it together, and Eugenia tells me what they say. Just squeezes all he can out of them. I know, it's the only way to make anything now, for I've tried everything else. Maybe it's efficiency, but it's inhuman. He's a slave-driver. I wouldn't be so mean. I won't do it."

"Well, you won't have to now, anyway. This Atlanta job of mine will fix that. I think I can get enough to fight off the mortgage, and once that's clear, you just wait to see! I reckon father made a mistake when he didn't go to Atlanta with Uncle Henry. I reckon we've found out that farming in Georgia can't be done. Well, I'm going to begin again now. This is a good opening, and you can blame me if I don't use it."

Sue was silent for a time, while the oil lamp burned steadily.

"But," she said, slowly, "what would be the use of succeeding—in the city? I love this place."

"We can keep the place, too."

The girl leaned suddenly forward. "Yes, but Tom, how about the draft? You can't take that job. The Third Georgia is going next week. You have to go with it."

"But Sue!"

She came around the table and sat by him. She was composed, repressed. "Tom, I know you *want* to enlist. What's keeping you back is the thought of the old house going. But there never was a Randolph yet who checked when it was—when it was a question like this."

"But—"

"I'll not have you drafted, Tom. I should hate it worse than you. We've heard enough to know how it was fifty years ago. If a man waited for the draft—he wasn't any

man." The black eyes blazed. "Tom, I've thought it out. Whatever happens, *you can't be drafted.*"

"But if I stay, the draft may not—may not get me, and I can pull Randolph Manor out of the hole."

"You can't risk it, Tom. We've had it a little hard sometimes. Maybe I haven't managed everything just right since father—since then, but we've always held to one thing, Tommy, and we're always going to. Fifty years ago no man in this family would have lived under that disgrace. Maybe it's old-fashioned—never mind, *you can't be drafted.*"

"It means the place will go, Susie."

"It means a disgrace, Tom."

"Then it's squarely up to that?"

"Squarely, Tommy."

"But there's one other thing you haven't thought of. That's you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be sitting here. Maybe I feel the disgrace part, Susie, but you're a whole lot more important to me now than anything else in the world. If they foreclose the mortgage, you're done for along with the house. I don't know what you'd do. This sort of life is bad enough." He looked about the untidy dining-room. "I won't think of anything worse for you. I'll take the risk of the draft."

The quick change of the attack unnerved her. Her intense composure suddenly broke.

"Don't Tom," she said weakly. "You're making it *my* fault!"

He slipped an arm around her. "You are more to me than a whole lot, Susie," he repeated.

"But don't make *me* stand in your way," was all she could answer.

"It's only a risk, after all," said Tom. "There, let's clear the table."

Sue did not go to sleep immediately that night. She lay for a long while looking through the window over the foot-board of the big old-fashioned bed. The dark mass of the magnolia with its fragrant, ghost-white blossoms rose solemnly out there, while far, far away the stars burned. The noises of the country darkness came softly in, and the clatter of a

windmill might have been the clicking hoofs of Jeb Stuart's troopers passing in the night.

"He's holding back for me," she thought. "It's all for me, and I haven't the *right*!" Again and again it passed through her mind.

"It's all for me and I haven't the right." Then suddenly another thought came to her. Outside the fitful breeze and the windmill ceased altogether, and Jeb Stuart's ghostly troopers rode away as she fell asleep.

Two days later they stood together on the porch, watching the ever glorious morning of the summer South.

"Ah," said Sue, in a mood unusual for her. "It's lovely. Randolph Manor is beautiful in the mornings and evenings. I never know which to love most. Tom, that was a true sacrifice of yours!" And quite unexpectedly she kissed him.

"Look out, look out there, Sue," cried the boy. "Here comes old Henry with the mail!"

Henry was sitting in dejected decrepitude on the farm wagon, drawn by the one remaining horse of the Randolph stables. Slowly the beast ambled up to the gate, slowly Henry dismounted and approached the porch with the leathern mail pouch. A tenacious survival, that mail pouch, which in other years had come up from the station bursting full. It was limp enough now.

"Marse Baxter done give me a special letter for you, Miss Susie, ma'am, said the old negro, doffing his hat-crown as Sue groped for the mail.

"Eh?" asked Tom. "What's Mr. Baxter got to say?" Mr. Baxter was another survival, the family lawyer who lived near the station. She quickly opened the envelope, and gave a cry.

"Look here, Tom, look here!"

The young man read:

"Messrs. Harlan & Hunt have requested me, as directed in your uncle's will, to inform you that under the terms of said will the mortgage upon Randolph Manor is to be completely discharged, from the estate of your late uncle. I am enclosing the letter from Messrs. Harlan & Hunt—"

"Susie! The mortgage! I never—I never dreamed it!"

They were blankly silent, while the negro shuffled away down the path. Tom looked at the papers again.

"No mistake," he said. "The house is ours."

"Tom," Sue's voice was very level, "it's your chance."

"You mean—"

"The Third is leaving to-morrow!"

"And I'll be with them!" cried the boy, joyously. "I *can* now. Here, I'll have to look lively!"

He embraced his sister and then dashed into the house. Motionless she watched him go—watched the screen door bang shut, still watched the place whence he had disappeared. Then very suddenly she sank upon the steps, a second enclosure from that fateful letter in her hand.

"Dear Miss Susie," it said, "I am sending the things which you asked me to write for you. I got the letterhead without difficulty. I am very glad to help you in this way, but I hope you will see that they are destroyed, for I shouldn't like to be accused to forgery, you know. W. B. Baxter."

The sun was very bright and still over the old plantation yard. She laid her head against one of the porch pillars.

"Why is it?" she moaned. "It's the end, I suppose. Maybe, if I'd acted differently—the place at least wouldn't have gone to pieces—but how else *could* it have been?" And she sobbed brokenly, for she loved her brother, and she loved her home. The long, slow tragedy of thirty years was over.

Walter Millis.

THE ANSWER.

"The world is growing weary, wanly old.
Give us more lands to cast upon a map;
New Alpine peaks whose fiery snow mayhap
Will shiver us with quicker, bitterer cold;
Conjure yet lovelier summers to enfold
New dreams; teach us in autumn's sun to cap
Rich toil with drowsiness. Oh, let us trap
The stars within a net of wavy gold!

New passions, Lord, new faith, new fears we need
To meet the coming of the thousand years,
A deeper music. . . . How? How can we bleed
More nobly?"

"Fate will shadow silent sorrow
Immenser than the heights of dawn. The fears,
The smiles of love are newer than to-morrow."

Henry R. Luce.

PORTFOLIO.

SONG FOR QUEEN ALYS.

Silver-mooned silks they were,
 (Brown shreds and tattered)
 This rag was miniver—
 (Beauty lies shattered)
 Cloud-pink the apple-trees,
 Cloud-white her brow—and these
 Trailed like great pageantries!
 (Leaves time has scattered!)

Bright with cool rain the leaves,
 Golden the season!
 (Hark, how the black wind grieves,
 Moaning its treason!)
 Sweet were the words she said,
 Sweeter her golden head,
 Till—at a glance she fled!
 Giving no reason!

Ecstasy weighed with pain,
 Soul, wherefore grumble?
 Though she come not again
 Soul, be thou humble!
 She, that put steel in you,
 Truth shall reveal in you!
 Forth! By her seal in you,
 Dare not you stumble!

Stephen Vincent Benét.

—The blue-jumpered station master, toddling cautiously
 across the frozen platform towards the baggage
SOLDIERS' truck, halted his slippery steps abruptly, and
FEET squinted appraisingly at the newcomer.

"Why, yes—'tis a mite cold 's mornin'," he assented with a
 genial air. "Lord orter be praised, though, that 'tain't s' windy's
 yesterday."

The well-fed husk in long overcoat and brown fedora, who had
 just swung from the rear platform of the rapidly diminishing
 10:13—local—sauntered over to the other side of the truck and

disinterestedly watched the station master's hands as they nervously pawed over the incoming quota of express packages.

"Quite a bunch to-day," the man in overalls commented. "Guess I better cart 'em inside 'fore anythin' freezes.—well, I swan to gosh!" he broke off. "Here's another of them packages fer that new-fangled Beauty Parlor, up on Main Street," and he clucked reminiscently as he picked it up, to scan its label more closely. "Derned if it ain't more of that consarned 'Corn Cure'—that's the third lot this week. Well, who'd a thunk that them soldier boys over at Upton would have s' much trouble with their feet? An' the shoes they wears allus looks so comf'table!" He shook his head in mute resignation.

The genial stranger reached nonchalantly for the large paper-wrapped package, to restore it to its place on the truck. As it left the station master's hands, the heavy bundle slipped through the numbed fingers of the newcomer, and plummeted to the frozen planks, its flight ending in the crash of breaking glass.

"Oh, hell!" muttered the clumsy one contritely. "Now I've gone an' done it!" and he stooped to rescue the remains of the liquid-sodden package.

The station master sniffed appreciatively. "H'm—smells good!" he enthused, and sniffed again. "Smells like—"

"Yeah, it does," hastily interrupted the other. "Don't you think I'd better deliver this, as long as I'm going up that way? I notice it is marked prepaid, and I can explain the breakage to them, and settle up myself."

The station master reflectively spat a brown streak at the gleaming rail. "Why, yes—you may 's well," he conceded. "It'll save Hi Potter drivin' up there, an' as you say, you c'n fix things up better yourself."

Five minutes later, up on Main Street, the husky-looking individual was chuckling reminiscently, and expectantly, as he unfastened a large star of polished nickel from the point of his vest and attached it to the underside of his overcoat lapel.

"*Corns* is good!" he muttered appreciatively to himself. "*John Barleycorn*.....!"

Richard W. Griswold.

—Everywhere the Germans were in retreat. Down the Aisne, down the Oise, from Vimy to Soissons, they had scurried back. Fifty kilometres! The soldiers, as they were rushed in the rain along interminable muddy roads, miles and miles, past German trenches, deserted, filling with water, already melting and crumbling, and on, on, they thought they were on the way to Berlin.

And always the rain fell, perpendicularly, out of a low grey sky. There was no wind. Properly speaking, there was no sky, only one flat cloud that hid the heavens, against which an occasional shell burst like a thunderclap. And the plain! It was like a grey sheet, as if a blanket had been sopped in water and laid down, and then more water had filled the crevices and run in all the hollows. So, at a twilight noon, with no sun, no wind, only rain, rain, the 103 *eme* came into Chauny.

The *Boche* retreat had been so rapid that the town was left standing; a few inhabitants were about, still dazed by their deliverance. It had been sudden. Overnight the Huns had been drawn away, like water out of a tank, the guns had rolled through, there had been firing intermittently, a few houses had sagged and crashed down, Joanne Mastichy had fallen in the street with her head crushed in, and then the French were rushing through, yelling. It appeared there had been a victory.

This 103 *eme* was a true shock company. From the Midi, mainly, with slow ox-featured, but stubborn men. One Whiting was not French. An American. A dare-devil. An original. Well-loved. He had been a pianist.

This Whiting, as they halted for the ten-minute rest, vowed he would have a drink. A woman offered it, craftily, a glass of pale bitter wine, for twenty *sous*. They drank, he and Crouget, in the low-ceilinged room. Then Whiting: "Ah, you have a piano!" It seemed they had rescued it from another house, shattered by shell fire. Whiting went over to it, with his face a little wet with rain, and ghastly in the dull light, and struck a chord. "Faugh! Out of tune." The woman made a gesture. He did not see her; he went on. First it was only little phrases, laughing; then he stopped laughing and began to play. He was still standing. Crouget brought him a chair, silently. The *vieux* original banged out a chanson. Then he smiled: "Here's

something by Brother Hun," he said, and began an Etude of Chopin. "The Butterfly." Crouget—he was ever a lover of music, Crouget—stood watching, breathless, his great coat dripping, drip, drip, drip, in a pool on the floor. Outside was the *brouhaha* of the 103 *eme*, clash of guns, laughs, chatter, and underneath the patter of rain. Whiting played "The Butterfly," forgetful, still half smiling. Then a burst, the room seemed filled with flame. Crouget, feeling everything completely, as if it happened slowly, was heaved back on the floor, with a crushed feeling at his chest. The woman was screaming in the corner, where the thatch had come down on her. Whiting, with his fingers still spread for a chord, and the half smile, lay over the piano, with his back curiously flat. Brother *Boche* was at it again.

Robert M. Coates.

—Mary lounged wearily through the narrow doorway, a white paper parcel clasped tight against her thread-bare blue coat, and turned up the blue point of gas to a sickly, spluttering glare. Gerty waved languidly to her from the narrow bed. "Hello! What's that you got? Bread?" "No." "What?" For answer, Mary undid the parcel, disclosing a blatant purple tin of Monsieur Smith's Great Lavender Toilet Powder and Facial Perfume. "That's genuine lavender," said Mary. "You damn fool!" snorted Gerty. "Whadjya get *that* for? You need new shoes." "I dunno. Guess 'twas because I felt sick of the city an' the store." Stripping the coat and shirtwaist from her slight young figure she applied the powder in great puffing slaps on her breast, neck and back. The room was filled with a thick, sickish lavenderish odor, heavy particles of concentrated sweetness clogged the atmosphere. Breathing was a delightful agony to Mary. "That's swell," she remarked, after she had completed the layer of lavender, and turned to Gerty. Gerty had rolled over, her fat legs all askew, and had buried her broad red face in the dingy pillow. Her frizzy hair waved and strange snorts came out from the mass. "God!" remarked Mary. "You ain't sick, Gerty?" "No!" sniffed Gerty. "That perfume—wish ya hadn't got it—

haven't smelt lavender since I left my home in Pennsylvania." She got up and dried her eyes. "Give me that perfume, you damn fool," she sobbed.

John F. Carter, Jr.

ATLANTIS.

"Atalantys, that was once so grete, now lyeth atte ye bottome of Ocean. And smale fishes swimme through palaces of kinges."

—*The Chronicles of Sir Hugh of Almsbury.*

The isle Atlantis, long beneath the sea,
Was fairer than a tropic dawn. The eel
And polyp revel where the emperor's heel
Trode in old state.—'Tis all beneath the sea.

And all that mortal man could now desire
Was there: Incense, faint brazen gongs, white sparks
From silver wires, the clear, clean song of larks,
Mixed with a new, an elemental fire.

All that a weary man might wish was there:
Spiced wine, deep singing, laughter of dark girls,
Trampling the beach in strange and choric whirls,
A dance—to monstrous gods a living prayer.

"All that a man could wish": Rubies and red gold,
Tart, pungent kelp and creatures from the sea,
A warm wind ever-blowing, and the lea,
Sun-baked, the drowsy friendship of the wold,

Strong laughter, whispers, plump and dusty grapes.
Processions, lording down the streets of glass,
Forever shouting, gather, sing, and pass.
And over all the chatter of pink apes.

John F. Carter, Jr.

NOTABILIA.

—From time to time one reads in the columns of the *News* or in the metropolitan papers obituaries of men who would, were there no war, be still at Yale.

CASUALTIES

Some by air, some by water, some by the earth and fire of the trenches, they have gone. Of the many who have answered the call a few have met death. That they are yet few is slight comfort, for, before peace can come, many must lay down life for their friends. What shall we think of those who are dead in the material sense? Shall we mourn them in utter intensity of depression and thirst for revenge? Shall we drink a sober toast to an empty chair at the table? Or shall we let them pass in dull non-comprehension?

Their names are traced for a brief span of time in the trampled dust of history. At some future day the uncomprehending undergraduate will see—merely a list of names graven in imperishable bronze. Is that all? Their death is no unusual thing. Many, many men have died fighting this war, as one fights a disease. So should we regard them. This war, this threat of autocracy, is a disease, to be fought to the last, not bloodlessly, but without rancor. Our friends may die, but we realize that they die that truth and light may live, that freedom may be secure. They were not slain by individual Germans, they have given their bright youth away that an evil might end.

They will eventually be forgotten. The memory of man is brief. A few centuries and where are the bravest, where the most noble? They will, however, be still with us. In that mystic phrase of the soldier, from the battlefields of France they have "gone West." And West means home. They have returned to their home, to Yale.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Squared Circles. By Bartholomae Carew. (The Tweaight Press. \$1.10.)

To those who have been hoping that out of vast wealth of futurist, impressionist, and vorticist literature something vital or even tangible might yet arise this book of verse will be a profound disappointment. Mr. Carew calls himself a Centralist, but his verses are as vague as his creed, which is—to quote—for the most part, “sounding brass and tinkling symbolism.” As far as we can judge, to be a Centralist one must not deal even in simple symbols, for even the symbols must have their symbols; and so on, wheels within wheels, until we glimpse the Centre, which is madness. To take an example from the Preface, which, Mr. Carew fondly hopes, will explain all to the dullest. “Simple symbolism is no more. Centralism must replace it. The average symbolist poet will call ‘the moon’ ‘the silver.’ The Centralist naturally calls it ‘the platter.’” How clear! How much clearer than the poems! The literary taste of the nation needs a Jaffrey to protect it from this stuff. The Reviewer will attempt to show the depths to which Centralism may descend:

The Original—

“Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.”

Symbolism—

“The lily had delicate joy
And joy’s companion was purity,
And everywhere that the lily grew
Joy also was.”

Centralism—

“White, butterfly wings, lark,
Lark, jovial; virgin
All the time white increase
Lark, lark lark.”

This is at least as intelligible as the opening "poem" of "Squared Circles," "An Invocation to a Hop-Toad," the first lines of which we quote:

"Effulgence, roaring, grey and gold,
Then, whispering cannon.
Gesundheit! Wherefore this?
Many grunts."

As an experiment in madness "Squared Circles" is quite entertaining. As literature it is still-born.

J. F. C., JR.

Life, Diary and Letters of Lord Bindley. Edited by G. H. Tresdale-Martin Secker. (Three volumes. \$7.50.)

Every serious historical student of the Great Victorian Age should have this book. Its subject was one of those men, often during their lives politically obscure, who later prove to have been—to coin an apt phrase—"the power behind the throne." There is nothing startling in the apparent career of Lord Bindley. Born at Walmshurst House, Great Addington, Sussex, in 1831, and educated at Oxford, he led the somewhat riotous life of the young men of his time until 1859, when he accepted an Undersecretaryship for War under Palmerston. He was given the portfolio of the Fisheries in the third Liberal Cabinet—but reasons which our readers will understand—I may say they were intimately connected with the failure of Disraeli's Suppression of Agnosticism Bill—forced him to take the Chiltern Hundreds in 1869. During the Franco-Prussian War, however, he was frequently closeted with Bismarck at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the result of his labors is conspicuous in the Treaty of Paris. "A foreign hand," exclaimed Gambetta at the time, "drafted these infamous proposals—foreign gold forced them down the throats of an unwilling nation!" It was, in fact, the work of the subject of this memoir.

Lord Bindley rested upon his laurels. His insidious connection with the Parnell trial—his extraordinary mission to Russia in 1906—a mission dictated by Edward VII himself—are the last great events in a life of active diplomacy. March 28, 1908, he passed away at his country house in Stokebury, Hants—the

gift of a grateful sovereign. By his own request he lies in Stokesbury Churchyard—not in Westminster Abbey. And with him lies a great memory—and a greater tradition.

His private life was not singularly pure—indeed his scandalous connection with Mary Asce or Asia, the Italian ballet dancer who later became Countess of Strett and was toasted at six capitals as “the girl with the neatest ankle and the prettiest face in Europe,” prevented his accepting the Premiership under Queen Victoria—and her later offer of a dukedom was rejected with an irritating epigram. And his will—a most amazing document—leaves provision for many women besides those of his immediate family. But History overlooks peccadilloes. Detractors may say what they will—Gladstone’s brilliant phrase sums up the case, “At governing men and fooling women—Bindley beats us all!”

Such editing as the letters require is ably done and the biography a monument of patience, industry and quiet humor. The illustrations are fair—one could have wished a reproduction of the Watts portrait. As for the critical notes and Afterword—one hopes a later edition will correct, in this respect, the mistakes of the first.

S. V. B.

Viking Drama of the Thirteenth Century. By Hyolf Ijolsen. Translated by Martha Farraday of the American Society for Mythological Research. (The Scandinavian Press, New York. \$3.00.)

As a work in pure literary research this book has never been equalled. The story of the gathering together of material, from folk-tales and folk-songs of the Scandinavian peasantry, from the few recorded Sagas, and from the dusty files and records of the Royal Library at Stockholm, is a tale of romance indeed. The material was scanty and often unobtainable—so that the reconstruction of the great Norse Trilogy, “Eylof,” “The Wolves” and “Jötunheim and the Dead,” is a feat which equals the reconstruction of the dinosaur:—as Mark Twain remarked, “seven bones and twenty barrels of plaster of Paris.”

The translation of any foreign book is always a most difficult task, but Miss Farraday has succeeded admirably. The flavor, the crude and virile humor of the original, and above all, the high and *simple* tragedy has been preserved.

As for the dramas themselves, from the early, fragmentary, anonymous plays, such as "The Rocks of Bórkheim" or "The Long Ships," to Wolf's, the monk's, great Trilogy of Eylof, they are such as you would expect to arise from a fierce, maritime people, whose daily life was fire and sword; murder, piracy and rapine. The plays are a fit sequel to the fierce old Icelandic Sagas, out of which they grew. The preface, tracing the clear and startling analogy between these plays and the early Greek drama, can only be attributed to sheer genius. As in the Attic "goat-songs" and "village-songs" lay the germs of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; so in these crude tales of passionate life lie the germs of Ibsen and the great school of nineteenth century dramatists. Judged merely from a philological standpoint, this work of *constructive* research is a magnificent achievement.

And let not the casual reader fear that the plays are not enjoyable as pure literature. Mere antiquity does not imply dullness.

The final act of "Jötunheim and the Dead," where Eylof marches naked, sword in hand, through the flaming gates of Jötunheim to win back his ravished bride, Molla, is of an epic quality that stirs the blood, besides giving a curious parallel to the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice. And the scene in "The Wolves," where Eylof first wins Molla from the hall of her kinsmen is more than merely dramatic, it is pure poetry.

This book is destined to attain wide popularity among the scholarly world, as it has already won for its writer a distinguished European reputation.

J. F. C., JR.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Atropos sat musing, alone in the unheated Lrr. office. (It never was particularly warm, so coal conservation did not affect it). She was feeling a bit blue and consequently a bit poetic.

"A year of office—and then others take my place—thus I pass on the torch—to others. Those that come after must see to it that the flame burns as brightly as it did of yore. And you, too, must pass on the lamp—"

Thus she mused. It would make a nice speech to the new Board, and she hoped that the girls, Zoe and Chloe, would not cry.

She had nearly persuaded herself that all was o'er when Chloe entered, all tumultuous.

"Why mercy, Attie!" exclaimed Chloe. "What are you doing here?"

"I was just thinking," replied Atropos evasively. She did not relish having her mood disturbed.

"What were you muttering about?" Chloe was perfectly relentless.

"I was thinking that—'a year of office—and then others take my place.'"

"Oh, can that stuff!" said the Business Board, entering jovially. "Come on to the movies."

"Movies indeed!" snorted Atropos.

"Why not?" inquired Zoe, entering also jovially. (Note the clever way in which all the characters have made their entrances. The office is now crowded, and it was done so naturally and unobtrusively that you never noticed it.)

"I have work to do," replied Atropos very grandly.

She didn't really have work, but thought it best to say so. This shows the new spirit that has pervaded Yale.

"There's a swell show at the Olympia" (advertisers please notice), sighed the B.B.

"I will *not* go to the movies!" repeated Atropos. "But you will go to the Winter Garden with me." (This shows a regrettable aspect of the new spirit.)

"With you?" breathed Zoe anxiously.

"On me!" replied Atropos.

Which is not a suggestion—nor a fact.

Zoe.

FOR THE MAN IN TRAINING

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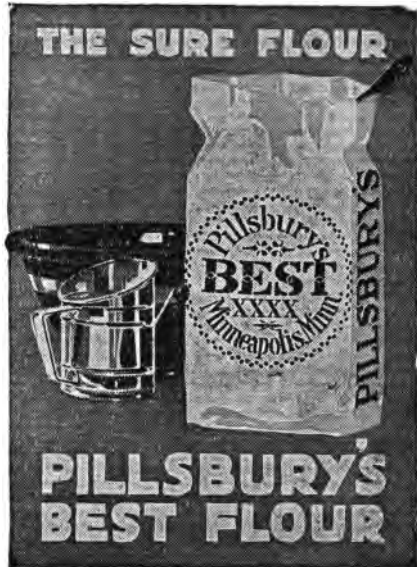
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